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The Sailors Magazine

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and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMENS FRIEND SOCIETY.

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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance.

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THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued as a four page tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, a four page sheet, (eight pages, four times *per annum*,) published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, &c., and facts, mainly relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society.—Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society $20, for a LOAN LIBRARY, may receive fifty copies, gratis, for one year, with postage prepaid.

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FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY.

The Annual Sermon before the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY will be preached this year, by the Rev. JOSEPH R. KERR, D. D., at the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Thirty-fourth St., near Broadway, New York City, on Sabbath evening, May 9th, at 7-45 o'clock.

THE BERMUDAS.

BY REV. O. A. KINGSBURY.

"Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea."

There they were, the low-lying shores of these beautiful islands, as I came on deck early on that never-to-be-forgotten July morning! Capt. Garvin, of the good steamer *Orinoco*, with the easy habit of long practice, had made his landfall just right. But the Bermudas are not always easy to find, being, unless St. Helena be an exception, the most isolated body of land in the world. They are 625 statute miles from Cape Hatteras and something like a hundred miles more than that from Atwood's Keys, one of the Bahamas, the nearest points of land. It is consequently easy in the night or in a fog to run by them altogether.

We approach the islands, coming from New York, 776 statute miles distant on a great circle, from the north and east. The steamer lands at Hamilton, but cannot sail directly from the ocean into its land-locked harbor. On this side of the islands there is a chain of reefs out at a distance of about ten miles. The only passage through them for large vessels is at the east end. We must therefore sail down to St. David's Head, double on our course inside

the reefs, and so through Grassy Bay and Timlin's Narrows reach the dock at Hamilton.

The color of the foliage as we approach from the sea is somewhat disappointing. It is a dull sage green, and there is none of the tropical luxuriance that one is expecting to see. The oleander bushes, however, which grow wild and in profusion, are full of blossoms, and as we near the shore we catch their fragrance. The most of the trees on the islands are cedar, and the grass that covers the rough hillsides is what is known as "crab grass." Hence there is an absence of the greenery that is so noticeable in our summer landscape in America.

The Bermudas, or Somers' Islands, as they were once called from the English navigator who really brought them into notice, form an "atoll" like the coral islands of the Pacific. They lie encircled by reefs and form the summit of an isolated submarine mountain which rises to the height of 12,000 feet from the bed of the Atlantic. They are to be found on a line east and west that would run through Madeira, Jerusalem, Kandahar, Shanghae, and Charleston, South Carolina. A line through them from north to south would run nearly through Halifax in Nova Scotia and St. Thomas in the West Indies. The foundation of the islands is coral, and they are on the northern limit of its formation. It is sometimes said that there are 365 of these islands, but the number is variously estimated. Only five are of any size, and not more than twenty are inhabited. Four of these, Bermuda (called also the Mainland) St. George's, Somerset, and Ireland, are united by bridges and causeway, virtually making one island about 25 miles in length and nowhere more than three in breadth. The combined superficial area of the islands is a little more than 19 square miles.

Bermuda, to use the less cumbrous name, was first discovered by Juan Bermudez, a Spanish sailor, early in the sixteenth century, the precise date being not known. Stress of weather prevented him from landing. Various navigators saw something of the islands during the years that followed. Philip II. granted the territory to Ferdinand Camelo, a Portuguese, but beside landing in 1543, putting a brief inscription on a cliff on the shore, and erecting a cross, he took no advantage of the gift.

The islands were first introduced to the notice of the English through a shipwreck, in which an Englishman named May was cast upon them with a number of companions. This was near the end of 1593. It was a tempest also that drove the ship in which was Sir George Somers to the islands and really opened them to English possession. This ship's crew of 150 people landed in 1609, and after various experiences which there is not room to relate here, a colony was established under a charter issued by James I. in 1612. There were the usual exaggerated accounts of the attractions and advantages of the islands published in England and there was a considerable influx of population. It became necessary to have a survey made, and the land was divided into "tribes,"—probably the antecedents of the present parishes,—and these into shares, forming the foundation of the land tenure of the islands to the present time.

The population of the islands reached its maximum in 1780,

when it was estimated at 15,000. It dwindled to 8,500 in 1837, but in 1881 stood at 14,314, a gain of about 2,000 over the census in 1871. The white population is composed of the descendants of the old settlers and of immigrants from time to time from America and elsewhere. About 60 per cent. of the population are colored people, descendants of the old negro and American Indian slaves, much intermingled with white blood. The colored people are gradually improving their condition, and are acquiring the ownership of patches of land and dotting the country with their white cottages.

There is no pauperism on the islands, nor is there much wealth. The people in general live in comfort and with comparatively little exertion. Indeed, there is a marked tendency in all grades of society to take things easy. No one hurries. There are no railroads with their time schedules. "When do you have breakfast at your house?" my host asked the little son of one of his neighbors.

"Why, whenever it's ready," was the reply that shows the spirit of the domestic economy in a nutshell. "Don't be impatient," said my hostess to her husband at the breakfast table one morning, on his inquiring for some article, "'Titia has gone for it, and will be back some time in the course of the day!" But it is just this lotos-eating spirit that makes Bermuda a most delightful resting-place for the tired man who has been driven to the verge of endurance by the pressure of cares. There is no daily paper, and the principal communication with the outside world is by the New York steamer, once a week in the crop season, and fortnightly during the rest of the year. The monthly steamers from Halifax to Jamaica touch at Bermuda, landing at St. George's, affording communication with Canada and the West Indies. A system of flag-signalling gives information over the islands of the movements of the steamers.

The government of the colony is administered by a Governor, Council, and House of Assembly. The Governor is appointed by the British sovereign. He is now usually a general officer of the British army and commands the troops stationed on the islands. His salary is mainly paid by the Home Government, but the colony makes a contribution to it and provides an official residence.

The Council is composed of ten members who are appointed by the Home Government for life. They constitute the House of Lords of the colony. Representative government was introduced into Bermuda as early as 1620. As at present arranged, each of the nine parishes sends four members who are elected for seven years. The writer failed to be present at any of the sessions of the House of Assembly, but judging from reports in the newspapers and from verbal accounts, he fancies that it is a miniature,—a sort of "vest-pocket edition,"—of Parliament or Congress. There are the usual wise (or otherwise) discussions of questions of public importance, and the usual attempts to push forward matters of personal interest. Only in Bermuda every one is personally known and there is a keener scrutiny upon the individual.

Education in the islands has been largely the work of private enterprise. There is at present an annual grant of £1,200 made by the colony for the benefit of the

schools, of which an Inspector is appointed, and there are a general and local Boards of Education. The parents, however, who wish anything like higher education for their children, either boys or girls, must send them to "the States" or to Canada,—in rare cases to Great Britain,—for that purpose.

Now will the reader accompany me in some little excursions about the islands, and in a desultory way we will see what we may of some of the objects of interest.

The color of the vegetation, as seen from the sea, it has already been said, is disappointing. There is none of the tropical gorgeousness for which one would look. And yet the visitor from the more northern regions finds in this semi-tropical clime many growths that are curious and interesting. These are imported, but they grow well in this equable temperature. The cabbage palms are found only in one garden in the city of Hamilton. They are five in number and were brought from Grenada fifty years ago. Their great trunks, from root to bulb below the fronds, tower like granite monoliths a hundred feet into the air There are several calabash-trees and a number of fine india-rubber trees on the island. There are palmettos and mangroves and bananas and lemon-trees and the Spanish bayonet. Flowers abound, but the season of bloom is mainly in the winter. In July, during the writer's visit, the flowers were the oleander and the sage-bush.

The houses in Bermuda are almost without exception built of the coralline limestone of the island. It is soft when first quarried and can easily be shaped with the saw, but it hardens on exposure. The roofs of the houses are made of thin slabs of the same material laid on cedar rafters. These roofs are whitewashed with lime burned from the stone, in order to stop the pores and to afford a clean surface from which to gather the water needed for domestic purposes. The roofs are brilliantly white, shining out in striking contrast from the deep or sombre foliage in which the houses are generally set. These stone walls and roofs tend to make the houses cool. The windows, moreover, are shaded by blinds which are hinged at the top and can be opened outward by means of a "blind-stick," so that the air can have free entrance while the sun is excluded. Within the houses, therefore, as in all other shady places in the islands, the air is cool and delightful. One can be very comfortable in Bermuda in the hottest weather by keeping still, and keeping out of the sun.

Every house has one or more water tanks, for besides a few brackish wells, rain-water is the only source of supply. Rains are frequent, and hence for any house properly supplied with tanks there is no lack of water.

If we are making Hamilton or its vicinity our abode during our residence in Bermuda we shall find the drive to St. George's a most charming one and the town itself quaint beyond what one commonly sees.

Through the Mainland, as it is called, there are three roads,—the north shore, the middle, and the south shore roads. These roads for the most part are good. Cut in the limestone, as they are in many stretches, they are smooth as a pavement; and when they become out of repair they are easily made good again through the quick hardening of the calcareous rubble with which they are mended.

If we take the north road on our way to St. George's we shall find it passing over some considerable elevations and giving fine views of the ocean. Crossing Flatt's Bridge we have a view of Harrington Sound, which is land-locked and would be a lake except for the narrow strait by which it is connected with the sea. Here may be studied the great and charming variety of coloring which the Bermuda waters assume. One can spend hours in watching the changes and enjoying the charm of these waters, moving to and fro with the pulsing of the tide.

St. George's Island is reached over a long causeway, constructed partly at the expense of the British Government and partly at that of the colony. It takes the place of the ferry which used imperfectly to accommodate the travel between the mainland and the island. The town of St. George's is the oldest on the islands and formerly was the place of most commercial importance. It has a good harbor, and during our War of the Rebellion was a rendezvous for blockade runners. Its streets are very narrow,—some of them so alley-like that the dwellers on opposite sides can almost literally shake hands across from house to house. St. Peter's Church is a charmingly antique structure, with its inner walls hung thick with tablets, on some of which the inscriptions are quaint indeed. In the vestry you can see a communion service given to the church by the English sovereign about 260 years ago. The artist would find very much that is captivating in this old town, which is built on the side of a considerable hill.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK FOR SAILORS.

From the *Naval Brigade News*, (Devonport, Eng.) we give extracts which tell in a compact way, what Miss WESTON has done and is doing for the men of the sea.

Satisfactory, very, is it not, to hear that after ten years of work at Devonport, and five years at Portsmouth; that instead of decrease, I have to report increase in the work on every hand. We have taken over the counters at our five Sailors' Rests, from our seamen and the public, the sum of £12,599 in the year, showing an increase over last year's receipts of about £1,400. Our sleepers at the five Sailors' Rests have been 64,798 during the year; last year our sleepers stood at 54,800, the increase will be seen at a glance. These sleepers are strictly seamen and marines.

Our Gospel Meetings

Are as crowded, sometimes more so, than our temperance meetings. The blue-jackets and their friends who flock there on Saturday, crowd in equally on Sunday; an hour before the time the hall begins to fill, and it is difficult, often impossible, to get a seat long before the meeting commences. Meanwhile an earnest band of Christian seamen are praying for God's presence and blessing; and when the platform is filled with

our brave fellows, and one gives out a hymn, another prays, another reads, and yet another in glowing, forcible, and earnest language gives a gospel address, I feel that with such a "Naval Brigade" we may indeed rejoice that God's kingdom has come in the British Navy.

Our Sailors' Rests

are more than ever our bluejackets' anchorage ground; look into our refreshment bar and recreation rooms at Portsmouth or Devonport, and see the bright, happy faces, and hear their yarns, of the crowd of the night before. "We sat down nearly 200 to tea, Miss Weston, Sunday afternoon," said a young seaman, "you should have seen us, we were full from stem to stern, you'll have to set to work and get us bigger quarters; we said we'd eat you out of house and home, and we're doing it." Another man says, "Aye, but the crowd at tea was nothing like the crowd at night, we were packed like herrings in a barrel, and numbers had to go away. Why on this reading table," tapping it significantly, "six of us slept, and I was one of the six"

Another very interesting department of the work, specially woman's work, is the visiting of the sick and wounded in our *Naval Hospitals*, and the working of a

Flower Mission,

in connection with the Royal Naval Hospital at Plymouth. Busy and kind hands write the Text Holders, and do up the bouquets at the Sailors' Rest, and when the fragrant flowers are taken in the wards many a weary, pain-stricken face brightens up, and the worn fingers linger lovingly among the blossoms as they are brought to the bedside. In many cases the words of the Text cards have been blessed by God's Holy Spirit to the awakening and salvation of a soul, and the flowers have taken a message of love.

Books, *Blue Backs*, Text Cards, *Brigade News*, are eagerly looked for, and many a quiet, earnest talk about that Savior, who is the Great Physician, is held by the various bedsides. Brave fellows, they have in many cases fought and bled for their country, or in some way have laid down their young lives.

Our Sailors' Wives

are also a very important part of our work; many are earnest Christians, and help us in bringing bunches of flowers for the Hospital, and tie them up in small bouquets for the glasses, while we provide for the tables by the bedside.

Our Sailor Boys

are the most interesting, and every mother's heart would respond in the affirmative I am sure; bright, sunny, noble fellows, many of them full of fun of course, but what boy is not? At Devonport and Portsmouth they crowd the Sailors' Rests, specially at Devonport, while at Portland and Falmouth kind helpers work hard among them, but it is good news to be able to say that during the year 41,600 have attended the temperance meetings, and 6,240 our Bible classes.

An officer sat by the bedside of a sailor-boy who was dying far away in Hong Kong. "Shall I write home to your parents?" he asked. "Please, sir, I've no parents." "Well," was the answer, "as you have no home, I can't help you there." "Stop, sir,"

said the boy, "*I have a home,* and I want you to write to it. My home is the Devonport Sailors' Rest, there I learnt to love and serve my Savior, and now I'm going to be with Him, and I want you to write to that dear home."

The R. N. Temperance Society

still holds its own, and stands to the fore in temperance work in the Navy. The "officers' branch," comprising officers of all ranks, musters over 100 members, and the rank and file is numbered by some thousands. The society has taken such root that no sooner is a temperance man appointed to a ship than he sets to work to form a committee. An officer writes from Port Said,—"I write to tell you that I am just appointed to this ship, and am starting a branch of your society; a talk among the men round the forecastle has resulted in several pledges, and we shall soon get the work under weigh."

Our Mothers' Meetings.

Our seamen's wives and mothers' meetings are large, and my lady helpers visit immensely, but we have not time to make the babies' and little children's clothes that are often so acceptable. "I have ten," said a nice Christian woman, "and my man is away in Australia, it is a struggle to keep them tidy, they are a little ship's company," and a little ship's company they were.

Our Packing Office

at Portsmouth is a busy scene indeed, at the end of each month, between two and three thousand parcels have to go out, about 30,168 in the year.—Away they go in large bales, which are swung out of our office window into the cart which stands below to carry them to the railway station. And what about the

Blue Backs?

I hear some one say, "you have told us nothing about them!" I can tell you a great deal, thank God! but a little must suffice. The "*Blue Backs*" are more widely circulated than ever. Every ship in commission gets them, China, Australia, East Indies, West Indies, Mediterranean, South East Coast of America, West Coast of Africa, and Cape of Good Hope; Harbor and Coast Guard Ships, Royal and Mercantile Training Ships; Naval Hospitals and Naval and Marine Barracks all over the world, the American Navy, Fishermen, and Lighthouses. They are wide travelers; taking three months' average, the issue has been about 270,000, including some reprints, and they have been distributed somewhat thus, the figures are approximate:—Royal Navy, 135,750; Boys, 49,920; Mercantile, 29,520; Officers, 11,000; Fishermen, 26,660; United States Navy, 10,300; United States Navy Boys, 5,650; Reprints, 21,200.

Our Temperance Entertainments

in the beautiful new hall at Portsmouth have been a great success. Attendance, 150,000; Saturday Night Temperance Entertainments, 50,000; Pledges taken at the meetings, 1,000

The agencies at work in connection with the Sailors' Rests, and the Navy at large, are briefly four Societies, the *Royal Naval Christian Union, the Royal Naval Temperance Society, the Royal Naval Purity Society, and the Help-One-Another Society.*

For The Sailors' Magazine.

MID-WEEK PRAYER-MEETING HYMN.

BY EDWARD HOPPER, D. D.

I.

Thanks, gracious Master, Savior dear,
That Thy sweet voice has called us here
To rest awhile from toil and care,
In this our mid-week hour of prayer.

II.

We know Thy promise and believe
That Thou art here fresh gifts to give,
To show to us Thy smiling face
And fill us with Thy strengthening grace.

III.

Unite our hearts Thy name to fear;
Our humble prayers and praises hear;
And grant Thy blessing on the word
Which we shall hear Thee speak, O Lord.

IV.

O draw us nearer to Thy side,
Away from worldly love and pride;
More of Thy beauty may we see,
To make us more and more like Thee!

V.

Thus cleansed and freed from earthy soil,
That gathers in our daily toil,
Permit our weary souls to rest,
In this sweet hour, upon Thy breast!

THE EARTH'S DAUGHTER.

PROFESSOR YOUNG TALKS ABOUT THE MOON—ITS PROBABLE ORIGIN AND PRESENT STATE—ADVICE TO POETS.

The first lecture in the course of "Science Matinees" which are to be held weekly hereafter under the management of Ingersoll Lockwood, was delivered in the Hotel Brunswick by Professor Young of Princeton. The subject was "The Moon," or as the title read, "The Earth's Petrified Daughter." The lecturer said in opening:—

"Probably the best way in which I can introduce the remarks I have to make this morning is to justify the somewhat sensational title which I have chosen. Things are not to-day what they used to be in the dim past. If science has

taught us one thing more clearly than another, it is that all natural phenomena are subject to change development; evolution, if you choose. In the dim past, of which I speak, a past which is to be measured not by years nor thousands of years, but by ages, the earth was probably neither solid nor liquid, but gaseous, like the sun; was in fact itself a little sun. The rotation of this gaseous mass on its axis resulted in the throwing off from the main body perhaps of a ring like the rings of Saturn, perhaps of some excrescence which might have formed on the surface. The matter thus thrown off solidified as did the earth itself, and formed the earth's fatherless daughter, the moon. In connection with this it is curious to notice the effect which is naturally produced by the earth and the moon upon each other through the tides. The tides, which the earth may be supposed to have created on the moon, before its seas were dried up, would tend to retard the rotation of the moon on its axis until the period of this rotation corresponded with the period of its revolution about the earth. Such in fact is now the case, or at least approximately. The moon revolves about the earth once in a month, and having always the same face toward us must make a single rotation on its axis in the same time. The effect of the tides produced by the moon upon the earth's rotation tends in a similar way to increase the length four days. The tides on the earth's surface also tend to tow the moon along in its orbit, making it to go a trifle faster than it would otherwise travel, and thus slightly increasing the length of the month.

"I call the moon petrified, because it is stony, airless, waterless, and probably lifeless. Of course, no bounds can be set to the creating power of Deity, and there may be creatures who find the climate of the sun or the moon quite to their liking. No form of organized life, however, as we know it on the earth, could exist on the moon. It is curious how little actual influence the heavenly bodies have upon mundane affairs. Blot out all the stars and the solar system would go on as before. We should only miss them by their absence from the heavens at night. But take away the moon and at once a wail would go up from all the seaport towns. New York would be ruined. The great steamships could no longer come up to their wharves, for there would be no tides. Formerly the moon had another great commercial importance as a chronometer. To determine the position of a ship at sea, it is necessary to know the difference between the ship's time and Greenwich time. The sun furnishes the first, and nowadays, chronometers furnish the second. But before the days of chronometers the moon was the great time-piece and the stars formed the figures on the dial of the heavens. The times at which the moon would occupy given positions relatively to the stars in its track could easily be calculated beforehand, and many of the great observatories in Europe, notably those of Paris and Greenwich, were founded with the object of perfecting lunar theories for the use of mariners. The scientific value of the moon cannot be exaggerated. It is hardly too much to say that most of the bright things that have been discovered

of recent years in mathematics have been discovered in the study of the moon's movements. We have finally trained her so that she walks nearly in the path that we lay out for her. But from time to time she will take the bit between her teeth, and to the horror of astronomers will appear some four or five miles out of her course. What is the cause of these deviations we cannot yet determine.

"The moon moves about the earth in an orbit slightly elliptical, which the sun is continually turning and twisting about in all sorts of ways. The chief effect of the sun's attraction upon the lunar movements is to make the month about an hour longer than it would otherwise be. The moon is the most respectable satellite in the whole solar system. It is even a little heavier than Jupiter's great satellite Titan, and in size relative to the principal body no other satellite approaches it. To an observer stationed on the planet Venus, the moon would appear the size of Sirius, and a beautiful sight the earth and moon would present moving together through the heavens. As for the moon's reputed influence on the weather, I need hardly say that it has none. Yet I would hardly dare to make such a remark before an audience of sailors. I once seriously offended an old sea captain by ridiculing his theory that the wind would always come from the direction in which the moon was at the time of changing from one quarter to another. I have come across some other extremely curious superstitions of this kind. One was that carrots, beets, turnips, and other vegetables that grow downward should always be planted when the moon was waning. Whereas corn and grain that grow upward should be planted when the moon was waxing. Artists when they paint the moon usually make it too large, and sometimes I have seen the moon represented with its horns pointing downward. The horns, of course, must always point away from the sun. A word of advice to poets,—when you talk about the moonlight, be sure that the moon did actually shine on the night in question. The author of the well-known poem on the burial of Sir John Moore has fallen into error here."

Professor Young then threw upon the screen a series of photographs of the moon's surface, showing the principal craters, seas and mountain ranges, and explained the theories of the formation of the craters, the absorption of the moon's atmosphere, and the temperature of the surface.—*Tribune.*

POURING OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

For several months, the Hydrographic Office has been collecting facts to aid it in determining under what circumstances oil can be most advantageously used to decrease the perils from high seas in a gale. In its Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic Ocean for September it presents some new and striking evidence on this subject.

The steamer *Polynesia,* bound from Hamburg to New York, was struck by a cyclone on the 10th of August. Heavy seas swept the vessel from stem to stern, carried away the companion hatch, flooded the saloon, and injured several

persons. A tank of paint oil was, as soon as possible, placed on the starboard side of the steamer, and the oil allowed to leak out. "The effect," reports Captain Kuhn, "was marvelous. It gradually spread over a large space around the vessel and quelled the waves entirely. The cyclone lasted eight hours."

Captain Matthews, of the bark *Ella*, makes this report to the Hydrographic Office:—

"Several times, while lying-to in a gale off Cape Horn, I have used oil with perfect success. By filling a gunny-cloth bag with oakum saturated with linseed oil, and placing it over the lee bow, so that it was dipped in the sea by the motion of the vessel, I found that, as we drifted to leeward, the oil covered the surface on the weather bow and prevented the seas from combing and breaking."

Captain Matthews says that he has seen the same effect produced by oil slowly dripping from the lee scuppers, and that he has used kerosene oil with success for this purpose. Chief Officer John Swartz, of the *Prinz Leopold*, reports a case in which he put canvas bags with paint oil over the quarter, near the stern, while the ship was running before a violent gale in a heavy sea. "The oil prevented the waves from breaking over the ship, and she rode quite easy." His vessel now always has oil in readiness.

Captain Moore, of the bark *Siddartha*, recounts a like experience in heavy seas on a voyage from Cadiz. "My chief officer," he says, "who had not seen oil bags used previously, was simply amazed." He suggests the use of small tanks for this purpose. A Newburyport gentleman gives an example of the successful use of oil poured from a common kerosene can to check a heavy sea in which a yacht found herself. Captain Holdich, R. N. R., writes that on a voyage from Melbourne in the ship *British Envoy*, off New Zealand, seas came aboard, but the application of fish oil in bags was successful in quelling them.

In short, it is clear that the use of oil under such circumstances, which was the subject of jest only half a dozen years ago, is now making great headway. Beyond doubt its successful employment is limited. Experiment has shown that it cannot subdue very high breakers off shore. But it has a sphere of its own which cannot fail to be a great aid to navigation. Even as a matter of comfort this use of oil is of importance; and the evidence of its actual relief from great perils in some instances is conclusive.

The ease, too, with which contrivances for carrying the oil can be arranged is worth noting. All that is needed, evidently, is a box or a tank so perforated as to allow the oil to trickle away slowly. It would seem from the foregoing instances that paint oil, kerosene, and fish oil all answer the purpose, and the inference is that other oils will also be effective. The Hydrographic Office will soon have an overwhelming quantity of statistics ready of this use of oil, and when these are brought together, tabulated, and the proper inferences drawn as to the best appliances for carrying it and employing it, a great service will have been rendered to navigation. —*Christian Union.*

In an article on "The Use of Oil at Sea," by Lieutenant John P. Holditch, R. N. R., the author says:—"The results I have ob-

tained are these. Fish or colza oil only is of any good, it does not matter how dirty it is, as long as it is not thick. Paraffine is too thin; paint oil too thick. Running before a gale naturally expends much more oil than 'laying to,' you have so much more water to oil. Carefully expended, one quart in three hours for running, one pint in four hours for laying to, will be sufficient. The means I used was a canvas bag (No. 6) with large holes stabbed with a needle. I have heard of a bundle of oakum being saturated with oil, and then put into a coarse gunny-bag, which I think would admit of a thicker oil being used for the time. The place for towing is undoubtedly forward, not aft. Whether in head-reaching oil could be used successfully I cannot say, but I doubt it. When running dead before the wind tow from each cat-head, and the ship is as safe as anything can be at sea."

Boston, Mass., Feb. 19th.—The bark *Neptune*, from Cienfuegos, encountered on January 30th a furious gale, in which the seas ran so high that the captain was about to lie to. He put four quarts of oil in bags and dragged it overboard. This calmed the water so that the vessel instead of having to lie to, made the remarkable run of 280 knots in twenty-four hours.

ADRIFT FOR EIGHTEEN DAYS.

PERILS OF SEAMEN ON A DOOMED BARK.

The *N. Y. Tribune* of 30th March said:—

The ship *J. I. Smith* arrived at this port from Antwerp yesterday, bringing the captain and crew of the Norwegian bark *Nordcap* abandoned at sea. The *Nordcap* left this port on February 23rd, for Buenos Ayres, with a general cargo. On February 26th she encountered a hurricane from the south-south-east, veering to northwest. The bark under shortened sail plunged through terrific seas and at every plunge burried her bowsprit deep in the huge waves. Her jibboom and bowsprit were carried away, and thus severing all her forestays, the foremast went by the board. The seven sailors and the officers worked all that dark and stormy night to save the vessel. The wreckage was cut away, and when morning broke, the bark with her main and mizzen masts still standing was struggling gallantly with wind and waves. With no head sails it was impossible to keep the vessel on the wind, and she rolled heavily in the trough of the sea. On the afternoon of the 27th, the mainmast fell with a crash. Only the mizzenmast was left standing, and though the weather had somewhat moderated the sea was still running high.

A jury fore and mainmast were rigged and an effort made to get the bark on the wind. The attempt was useless and she rolled heavily. Her decks were swept by the waves, one of the two boats she carried was stove and her seams started so that the water poured into the hold. The crew were put upon the pumps and by great exertions managed to keep her afloat. The wind and the sea moderated, but it was intensely cold, and several of the crew, worn out by hard work and exposure, stopped work and lay down in

their bunks in the forecastle to await death. Captain Salveson, the master of the bark, however, never for a moment lost hope, and when some of the men, with tears in their eyes, said "It's no use, we are doomed, we can work no longer,"—he told them they were sure to be rescued, and driving the men from the forecastle he forced them to fight for their lives. Day after day they saw the bark gradually go to pieces, and the crew hopelessly fought against what seemed certain death. Not a sail was seen, and at the mercy of the wind and waves the vessel with her eleven souls drifted on a desolate ocean.

On March 1st a hurricane came sweeping down on the wreck. Big and angry waves threatened every moment to engulf her and the wind swept her about like a feather. Destruction seemed certain, but Captain Salveson breaking out some oil that was in the cargo saturated balls of oakum with it and putting the balls in bags hung them over the side to windward. The oil was diffused over the water and as the great billows crested with caps of foam came curling up to seize the bark and drag her down they were turned into smooth and oily hills of water, as high as ever, but without their dangerous combing crest. The night was one of horror, of exhausting work at the pumps and chilling cold, but the oil on troubled waters saved the vessel. The next day the wind moderated its fury, but the waves still ran high. On March 13th the bark *H. T. Herzey* was sighted and the exhausted crew thought that succor had come at last. Captain Salveson signalled the bark that he was in distress and wished himself and crew to be taken off. The *Herzey* replied that she had no boats able to live in such a heavy sea. "Don't leave us," signalled Captain Salveson, and the *Herzey* running down near the wreck, her captain shouted:—"Keep your light burning. I will stand by."

Night was now coming on with storm and rain. On the wreck of the *Nordcap* the lights were kept burning, and now seen, now lost in the blinding storm, the lights of the *Herzey* as she lay to near the wreck kept up the hope of the exhausted crew. Every hour captain Salveson shouted through his speaking trumpet to the *Herzey*, and like the voice of hope across the storm-tossed waters and through the driving rain and the dark night came the answering hail. But at midnight when the captain hailed, no answer came back, and those on board the doomed bark knew that the *Herzey* had been blown away from them and they were once more alone.

Two more days of despair followed and then, on March 16th, a ship was sighted. She saw the signals of distress flying from the *Nordcap* and bore down to her. She proved to be the ship *J. I. Smith*, Captain Tingley, of Dorchester, N. B., bound for this port. A tremendous sea was running, but the captain of the *Nordcap* lowered away his only boat and he and the ten men on the wreck reached in safety the rescuing vessel. The ship had passed through heavy weather herself and had lost her rudder-head and the iron work of her fore yard in a gale on February 24th. On March 3rd, she had passed a bark with all her yards gone except two on the mainmast. Two days after the crew of the *Nordcap* were rescued a heavy gale was encounter-

ed. When the captain and crew of the *Nordcap* reached the ship Captain Tingley wanted Captain Salveson to go back and set his vessel on fire, as she was in the track of commerce. Captain Salveson was unwilling to take that responsibility, however, and the mate of the ship went himself and fired the wreck. The *Nordcap* was a bark of 409 tons, owned by Christian Boe, of Arendal, Norway. Her owner's nephew is her agent here. He and Captain Salveson have written letters thanking the captain of the *J. I. Smith,* for the gallant manner in which he rescued them and the kind treatment all received on board the ship.

BY THE SEA IN WINTER.

BY DORCAS HICKS.

Summer does not gather into itself all the beauty of the year by the seaside,—the winter season keeps its own close within its arms, and spreads it out once in a while before the eyes of those who choose to look upon it. I have seen it lately and cannot refrain from trying to show a little of it to my readers.

One evening about a week ago, down here by the sea, the wind began suddenly to rise, rattling windows and making things very lively where it had a chance. We wedged our windows carefully, having closed and bolted the outside shutters, but we soon found that this last was a mistake. For as the wind, hour by hour, increased in force it took hold of those same barred shutters and shook and rattled them as if it were absolutely determined to get inside, and if necessary would tear the shutters from their fastenings.—The din that this made, with the shrieking and howling of the wind itself, was something terrific,—and as if this were not enough, the end of the house where we were began to tremble, and the very bed wherein we lay to shake.

It was a time to remind one's self that the Almighty One holds the winds in the hollow of His hand, and that after all they can only do His bidding, no more and no less.

All through the wild and noisy night there was an ever recurring thought of what the ocean would show us after all this working of the wind upon it. Nor were we disappointed, for when we looked out upon it in the morning it was a white, tossing, tumbling mass of waves as far as we could see. So it continued for two days, during which time the cold steadily increased until the billows seemed to quiet themselves under its influence. But on the third morning when we looked out, a strange and beautiful sight met our eyes. As far as we could see along the coast near the line of the water extended a wall of dazzling whiteness, like a breaker which had suddenly frozen just after its crest had fallen. It was as irregular as that would be,—in some places six feet high, in others not so high,—and followed the line of the sea, now farther up, then lower down on the beach. We went close to it and saw that it was made of the spray as it dashed up, and as we stood there, layer on layer was deposited and instantly frozen. That was five days ago, and each day since has changed the look of

things on the beach and brought new beauty and wonder. The wall has widened, lowered, narrowed, broken up into thousands of pieces of glistening ice, carried up and down by the tide, left in all sorts of fantastic shapes, floated out to sea, piled up in some places like miniature icebergs, clinging to the posts of the piers like huge white stockings,—in one place forming a beautiful natural bridge, with the white water rushing underneath.

It would have seemed nothing strange if a white bear had suddenly appeared sitting on one of the huge blocks of ice, which crowded down by the water's edge as if waiting their turn to sail away to parts unknown. Some days, far out on the sea, as well as close in shore, we could discern these blocks floating, sometimes like a field of ice, again like logs borne down from a lumber region by a river. All this time the water seemed sluggish, as if under the power of this freezing, deadening influence. The surf was low and slow, and the tide seemed to come in and go out unwillingly, carrying melted ice and snow rather than living water.

To-day there is a wonderful change. How shall I describe it? To me it seems as if the sea had burst these icy bonds in which it has been held. The surf rolls in splendidly, tossing its spray high into the air, and the whole ocean sparkles and glares in the sunlight. I cannot help feeling as if it were glad over its regained freedom,—the breakers come in so rapidly from far out,—all the way in shore they break with a sort of joyous, lively bound, rushing up the beach and starting every loose piece of snow or ice, to send it along towards absorption in itself. The little icebergs are all going now, borne with a sort of stateliness still, yet, in spite of themselves, diminishing as they go.

I have fancied that this old ocean imagines to-day that it is doing this all of itself, just determining to get rid of this body of ice which has been keeping it down and enchaining it,—while all the time it is this strong, blessed, gentle sunshine from heaven which is doing its irresistible, invincible work.

I love to look at it with this thought in my mind, what a marvelous world for *beauty* is this world of ours and of God's! Even His ice-bound shores He clothes with such wonderful garments, and then how He pours His glorious light on every thing, if we only wait long enough for it!

I turn my eyes at this moment to the view from my window, and see the clear, soft, bright sky, full of light and glory, and the vast sea shining under it, with the dark rolling breakers turning themselves into white glistening foam as they chase each other to the shore, I thank God that He has given even His winter world such wondrous elements of beauty and grandeur.—*Presbyterian.*

An Ice-Enveloped Steamer.

During the past winter a great many steamers and sailing vessels have come into this and other American ports with accidental cargoes of ice nearly or quite as extensive as the cargoes originally shipped. Such was the case with the Spanish steamer *Pedro,* which reached Boston not long ago in a condition which is scarcely describable, but which is accurately shown in the accompanying illustration. It would be needless to say that

this vessel is a steamer, even did her smoke-stack not appear, for it is quite evident to any observer that her shrouds and rigging generally are altogether useless except for strictly ornamental purposes.

The *Pedro* left the port of Matanzas on the 17th of February last, with moderate weather prevailing. She was not long, however, in finding a gale, in which she labored continuously for nearly a week, when she was glad to put into Norfolk for rest and repairs. Up to this point she had not begun to accumulate any of the enormous cargo of ice with which she made her appearance in Boston. After leaving Norfolk, however, the same old gale, or another like it, was encountered, with the additional discomfort of a very low temperature. Tremendous seas began to pour in over her rail, and as the water became frozen almost instantaneously, it was not long before the foundation had been laid for an excellent iceberg aboard ship. The seas boarded the steamer fore and aft, and the icy condition of the vessel made the work of the sailors extremely difficult and dangerous. The cabin was flooded with water, and the furniture and stores were badly damaged. There was ice everywhere, much more of it than is shown in the picture, which is from a photograph taken several hours after her arrival at Boston. Her prow was a shapeless mass of ice, and she was a dirty yellowish-white from stem to stern. She made Race Point, which is distant only thirty-eight miles from Boston, at eleven o'clock one night, but it took her twelve hours to reach her pier from that point. Even the steam seemed to freeze up and lose its efficiency. Her foremast and forward rigging were so thickly coated with ice that they were nearly ten times their proper size in circumference.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Whaling Not What It Used To Be.

An advertisement yesterday called for "six strong young men for a whaling voyage." It was signed by D. L. Pearl. A *Tribune* reporter started out in search of the advertiser, whose address was given as West street. At West and Reade streets the reporter's attention was attracted by a sign on which appeared in glaring red letters the words "Whalers Wanted." The sign was hung on the iron rail of a flight of stairs on the outside of the building, which led up to a small door in the second story, and which were so steep and narrow that they reminded one of the top-gallant rigging of a clipper packet. Climbing the stairs with some difficulty, the visitor entered a small room on the second floor, the door of which bore the legend "Shipping Office." The room was about twelve feet square, but was nearly filled with a desk, several trunks, and a miscellaneous assortment of sailors' "dunnage." There were several persons, apparently seafaring men, in the room. On asking for Mr. Pearl the reporter was directed to a thick-set man with a smoothly shaven face, who sat, half asleep, behind the desk. Hearing his name mentioned, the shipping agent immediately straightened up in his chair and said:—

"Want to ship? Ever been to sea? Know anything about whaling?"

It was some time before the reporter could convince the agent that he did not wish to take an

ocean trip, but he finally succeeded in doing so and stated his business.

"Humph, yes," said the shipping agent. "I put that advertisement in the paper. I want to ship six men for the whaling schooner *Aurora*, that's lying down at Edgarstown. She takes out a crew of twenty-one hands all told,—a captain, two mates, two boatsteerers, cook, steward and fourteen men before the mast. They have got all but six and I am going to send them that six if I can get them. I don't care about their all being sailor-men and I don't want them to be all green hands. I would rather have men off of coasting vessels. They sign a contract here to ship on the vessel and I send them down to New Bedford, where they sign the articles. The *Aurora* is what we call a 'plum-puddinger;' that is, she only goes out for a year and cruises in the Atlantic near the Western Islands or St. Helena. The whalers have not begun to fit out yet, but will in about a month, what there is left of them. The southern or sperm whalers generally fit out about the last of March, and the northern or right whalers about the last of April. Most of the northern fleet go up into Hudson's Bay. They cannot get in there until the 1st of June and they have to come out before October, or they will be frozen in. Sometimes they don't get in at all.

"The men ship on 'lays' or shares. They get no regular wages. Sometimes they make money and sometimes they don't. It depends on whether they make a quick trip and fill up with oil or not. Old whalers say that a man must make three trips before he makes any money,—one before the mast to learn the business, one as boatsteerer for the owners, and the next as mate for himself. I have been thirty years in this business and have seen a great deal of the ups and downs of whaling. It is better now than it was a few years ago because there have been so few whaling vessels fitted out that the whales have had a chance to grow. But it is not what it used to be. In 1850 over seventy whalers sailed out of New London; now there are only four. I can remember when over 300 hailed from New Bedford, but now there is not a third of that number. There are about twenty whalers that run out of San Francisco. They are mostly large barks. But whaling's not what it used to be, and I'm afraid it never will be again."
—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HOW SAILORS' SPIRITUAL WELFARE IS CARED FOR.

There is a great deal of quiet missionary work done in and around a great city, of which the ordinary inhabitant has little or no knowledge. Worthy of remark is the work done among the sailors. Most of this labor throughout the country is carried on under care of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY of New York, an institution that has been in existence for nearly sixty years. There is scarcely a place in the world to which Jack Tar can point his compass where some missionary or agent of this society will not be found. In America the spiritual wants of the sailor are provided for at about fifteen stations, including places as far removed as Pensacola, Fla., Astoria, Oregon, and Tacoma, Washington Territory. In Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Belgium, France, Italy, Japan, India, Chili, the Sandwich and the Madeira Islands, chaplains, missionaries or helpers connected with this society may be found, and at some of the places the work has been established thirty, forty or even fifty years. A special feature of the society's work is the furnishing of libra-

ries, containing on an average thirty-six volumes, for use on outgoing ships. The aim is to give recreation to the sailor, civilize and humanize him, furnishing books of solid information, and produce religious impressions. Since 1859 the society has sent out 8,600 of these libraries, containing 440,000 volumes in all.

Each library contains a copy of the Holy Bible. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian; the others are in English. The library is numbered, labeled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company, every one being receipted, registered and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it, who is thereupon notified of its shipment. For every contribution of $20 for that purpose a library is sent out in the name of the donor.

In Brooklyn the society has two chaplains, one, the Rev. E. N. CRANE, stationed at the Navy Yard, the other the Rev. E. O. BATES, who is located at Van Brunt, near President street. A reporter for the *Union* visited the Navy Yard yesterday. Two services are held there, in the morning, one by Chaplain HIBBEN of the Navy, at Library Hall and Chapel, and the other on board the receiving ship, by the Rev. Father GIVEN, for the benefit of those who are of the Roman Catholic faith. In the afternoon, the Rev. E. N. Crane, who is a Presbyterian clergyman, holds his meeting in Library Hall. This is a large, well-lighted room in the second story of a frame building, near the receiving ship. One end of the apartment is fitted up with shelves, on which may be found a good selection of books, while upon the tables around the room are fifty-five periodicals, daily, weekly or monthly. The library portion is raised one step above the other part of the room, and can be arranged at any time for a stage for exhibition purposes. Plants are placed beneath the windows along one side of the apartment, there is a piano at the library end, and a small organ and a pulpit at the other end.

About seventy-five sailors in their blue shirts, with polished shoes, well combed hair, and a general regulation air of neatness sat near the north end of the apartment yesterday afternoon. They sang a hymn, the organ being played by Miss Estelle Chamberlin, who has rendered such service for several years, and the singing being led by a young woman and two lady friends. Then a prayer was offered by Mr. Thomas W. Woods, a retired man of business, of this city, who, for the past fifteen years has taken an active interest in this work. The Rev. Mr. Crane then spoke to the men on the miraculous gift of tongues, detailed in the first thirteen verses of the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Mr. Crane speaks quietly and in a conversational, home-like way. He said that at the time spoken of in the passage there must have been three millions of people gathered in Jerusalem, and they were gathered there, men from all the different countries round about, for the reason that this gift of tongues was intended to give Christianity an impetus at the very beginning and to send the gospel message not only among all the Jews, but to all portions of the habitable globe. Here was recognized the fulfillment of the declaration of John the Baptist with reference to the baptism by the Holy Ghost. The people were naturally astonished at the manifestations made at the time, even the Apostles, who were only common fishermen, were filled with wonder. It has been thought by some that the miracle did not consist so much in their speaking, but in the multitude hearing and it being interpreted by the Holy Ghost; "and how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born." "It is safe to say," said the speaker, in conclusion, "that this wonderful miracle is only the symbol of the universality of Divine grace which shows the power of the Gospel on the hearts of all; men of all nations, of all lands, of all ages being brought under the beneficent influence of the Gospel of Christ. They all need the same Savior, they all need atonement."

A stirring hymn was then sung with much spirit, the first line of which was "Now just a word for Jesus."

A young colored sailor then stepped forward and gave in a spirited manner a few well-chosen words of "testimony." Another sailor offered a prayer. Mr. Woods made some encouraging remarks, and the benediction was pronounced.

On every Wednesday Mr. Crane holds a meeting for prayer and praise, and on the first Wednesday in each month the United States Naval Temperance Union holds its meetings. Since 1883, about two years ago, 1,200 sailors have signed the pledge.

Probably the most noticeable feature in the library is a framed lithograph, printed in colors, and called the "Sailor's Compass." It hangs on the wall near the en-

trance door. In the centre is a design of a compass, on the sides are signal flags, and the whole picture is intended to illustrate the truths of the Gospel. The four chief points,—North, East, South and West,—point to Love, Pardon, Life and Peace. The four intermediate points,—viz.: N. E., S. E.; S. W. and N. W.,—are Sonship, Rest, Royalty and Glory. Each point contains either a Gospel message, a present blessing or a precious promise. All the points spring from the red circle,—the blood. All who receive the truths therein,—who receive and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ,—are protected by a red line,—the blood. Black spaces between the points indicate sin and danger. In the title, light shines from the Lord's lighthouse upon the world, marked "Vanity." The Gospel ship has hoisted the signal "Farewell," and is making for Zion, outside which the colors indicate that the anchorage is safe and the port may be entered in all winds. There are circles and devices of various kinds, all calculated to enforce the message of Christianity, and the chart is one that always attracts the attention of a sailor, and is equally a curious and instructive piece of work to the landsman.—*Brooklyn, N. Y., Union, March 29th.*

Escape From A Brutal Captain—A Leap For Life.

The N. Y. *Mail and Express* of March 8th, printed the following:—

The U. S. revenue cutter *Washington* was crashing into the ice off Bedloe's Island, at 9 o'clock this morning, when her pilot, Capt. John McMath, saw an object move over the bulwarks of the schooner *Sarah Eaton*, which was passing seaward in tow. He thought at first it was a fender being placed in position alongside the craft, but when, in another instant, the figure of a man was seen to follow the unknown object and strike the water, he surmised that something was wrong, and sent the cutter's prow in the direction of the schooner, the man meanwhile shouting for rescue. Capt. McMath left the pilot house and grasping a ladder pushed it out to the now thoroughly exhausted man. The latter grasped it, but fearing he would relinquish his hold the captain and Custom House boarding officer, E. M. Esterbrook, got a line about his body and hauled him and the first-sighted object on board. The latter was found to be a bag containing clothing. He was so numb as to be unable to speak. When he recovered his voice he told Capt. McMath his name was Frederick Fahrenkamp and that he had cast the bag and himself overboard to escape the cruelty of Capt. Cole, his mate and men of the *Eaton*. The ship belonged to Calais, Me., he said, and was bound to Port-de-Paix. He had shipped on Monday last as a sailor and had got no advance money. The *Eaton* by this time had dropped anchor below Liberty Island and the *Washington* steamed to the Barge Office with the rescued sailor. When she arrived there Fahrenkamp was turned over to the police boat *Patrol*. The captain of the latter, E. O. Smith, sent him in charge of an officer to Commissioner Shields for advice. It is probable the master of the *Eaton* will be arrested. Capt. McMath, of the *Washington*, is certain the man could not have lived five minutes longer in the water.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

"The harbor here," says Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT, dating 8th March, "has been open the whole of the winter; nevertheless navigation has been very small in consequence of the hard times and the low freights, and most of the vessels have laid up for the winter. God has granted me good health, and opened many doors for my preaching."

STOCKHOLM.

"In December, 1885, I visited," says Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG, sailor-missionary, "on board of vessels, and distributed tracts. Besides this, I spoke the Word at the Sailors' Home. During the week of

prayer, in the following month, with the Lutherans and the Baptists, and amid great multitudes, united prayer was made for the progress of the Kingdom of God. In the same month of January, I went to the parish of Grodinge, thence to Sorunda, preaching the Word, as also at Tumba and Osmo. During the quarter ending February 28th, '86, I have made the usual visitation upon vessels and distributed religious tracts."

Belgium.

ANTWERP.

Rev. JAMES HITCHENS, chaplain, reported 18th March,—"Things are going on satisfactorily, we trust, in connection with the work here." Application for physical relief and for material charity was frequent, the past winter, owing to great depression in the shipping trade. The port has shared with the rest of the commercial world, recent adverse experiences.

Chile, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

Rev. F. THOMPSON, over date of February 6th, wrote:—

"I may say that the year just closed has been a satisfactory one, yielding gratifying results in spiritual uplift to all who have attended our meetings;—also in regard to an increased interest in the subject of temperance, many sailors having signed the total abstinence pledge. Our Sabbath service has been held without interruption, and with an increased average attendance.

"Meetings in the Hospital have been fully appreciated by the patients. Many have been pointed to the Savior and comforted upon their dying beds. A Sabbath afternoon service, with a short sermon, has been held very regularly, and has been attended by all who were able to leave their rooms. Meetings held in other places, at sailor boarding-houses, have not been so successful, but persistent efforts continue to be made along this line.

"Visiting on shipboard, in the Hospital, at sailor boarding houses, and in the jail, has been systematically carried on, and with good results.—The Bethel Fund has been increased to $3,000, averaging $500 per month, since we began to collect it. And I have every reason for believing that when this Fund is completed, and we can have a Bethel, the contributions from ships will, with a little assistance from the Union Church, meet all the annual expenditures of the mission. The business of this country is just now at a very low ebb, and its currency very much depreciated."

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

Rev. W. P. SPRAGUE, missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. to North China, writes to us from the seamen's mission at Yokohama, February 2nd:—

"I am so pleased with the way the work for seamen is done by Mr. and Mrs. AUSTEN, that I want to tell you of it. I have been voyaging about the coasts of China and Japan, for the sake of health, for three months, but I have nowhere seen so good a work as you have here. At Tientsin, China, they have a large Temperance Hall, far from the wharf, a good reading-room, and all the appointments for comfort and entertainment, but there is, usually, only a Chinese servant within. The missionaries have done much good work for sailors, probably as much as they could spare time for from their other work. At Newchwang two or three missionaries are doing something to reach seamen. At Chefoo a Seamen's Hall keeps its doors open to sailors at all hours, and Sabbath evening services are held for all who will attend. Missionaries occasionally hold Sabbath services on board gunboats in port. The ladies of the China Inland Mission often invite sailors to their parlors to tea, to singing, and to religious meetings.

In Shanghae vigorous work is carried on by a single lady, assisted by some missionaries and other Christian friends. I visited Hong Kong, and with others mourned that in so vast a shipping port so little is being done for seamen. One or two missionary ladies invite them to their homes one evening each week,—and they are invited to the services of the Union Church, but the Seamen's Tem-

perance Hall seems not to be in a flourishing condition. I am, however, rejoiced to hear that Bishop BURDEN has recently arranged with the English "Missions to Seamen" Society to have a good work organized there,—with a chaplain who will devote his whole time to that great floating parish.

"At Nagasaki and at Kobe, in Japan, the work is now left to missionaries overcrowded with other labor, and to other Christian residents.

"On my arrival at Yokohama I went at once to the Seamen's Mission. My ring was answered by a smiling lady, and a hearty hand-shake. I was soon seated with Mr. and Mrs. Austen in their cozy sitting-room, before they had found out that I was not a sailor. I soon learned that this was the cordial welcome given to every seaman that enters their doors. I have now attended many of their daily prayer meetings for sailors, and have joined in their Sabbath evening meetings where souls have been led to Christ. I have seen several of their temperance teas, musical and literary entertainments, and in each and all these places I perceive the same loving atmosphere of the Christian home. This influences the sailor to think of the heavenly home, and long to make that port. My conclusion in the case is, that to accomplish the most for him, these Homes are to be established, with women and mothers in them, to draw out sailors' hearts. Such Homes are much needed in each large port in China and Japan."

To this letter from Rev. Mr. Sprague, we append another, taken from a late number of the *Japan Mail*:—

Sir:—Will you kindly allow me to express my gratitude through the medium of your paper, to Mr. and Mrs. AUSTEN, the seamen's dear friends, and those who so kindly contribute to the welfare of our seamen here at Yokohama? The "Seamen's Mission" is a place worthy of the name of the seaman's home, and I know that many seamen of H. M. S. *Curacoa* will long remember their visit here, and the ladies and gentlemen who so ably contribute to the well-being of sailors who were fortunate enough to visit the "Mission." I am sure it makes me feel grateful to our Heavenly Father for placing two such dear Christians as Mr. and Mrs. Austen, who brighten up and make the Seaman's Mission so taking, ministering not only to spiritual, but also to temporal wants, in a manner which surprises many.

It may be some encouragement to Mr. and Mrs. Austen to know that even those who are adverse to religion have a kindly word for them.

We bid Mr. and Mrs. Austen and our dear friends farewell, promising them a snug corner in our memory, and trusting that they may be spared long to continue the good work it is their joy to fulfil.

Your obedient servant,

A PETTY-OFFICER.

H. M. S. *Curacoa*,
Yokohama, February 11th, 1886.

A friend has sent us a copy of the *Japan Gazette*, for 17th March, from which we make the following extract:—

"The social entertainment given last evening at the Seamen's Mission passed off in a highly satisfactory manner. The crews of H. M. S. *Champion* and the U. S. S. *Trenton*, for whose benefit it was given, were present in full force. The members of the community fortunate enough to get an invitation (the number of which was obliged to be limited for want of room) joined heartily in the frequent applause which greeted each lady and gentleman who contributed to the amusement of the evening. The band of the *Trenton* was in attendance and filled up the intervals with some well executed selections of music. The programme was of a very interesting and varied nature. Previous to its being commenced Mr. AUSTEN said that he had received a letter from the Hon. Mr. HUBBARD, U. S. Minister, in Tokio, acknowledging the invitation to be present, but expressing regret that other engagements prevented him from enjoying that pleasure; the letter was accompanied by a donation to the mission.

"Mr. RUSSELL ROBERTSON also addressed the gathering. He said that at the last entertainment given, which was to the men of H. M. S. *Curacoa*, he had then the pleasure of saying a few words and that he was always ready to make a few remarks if it in any way gave pleasure to them to listen to him. At the last meeting referred to, a seaman of the name of Connor, at least he thought that was his name, made a few short but good remarks, although there was one that he could not quite agree with, it was "that there was a great gulf between the sailor and the shore." He thought that this was not

the case in all respects, in some it might be, and that seamen lost sight of the fact that equally there was a gulf between people on shore, who, although living together, knew little of each other. He did not think that the remarks of that seaman applied to the two countries represented there this evening. He was sure all were pleased to see the men of the *Trenton* present. He did not say this just to say something pleasant about Americans, he had other reasons for saying it, for among the American community he did not think any one had better friends here than his wife and himself. On account of this and the fact of his marriage having taken place in the States they would always have a warm place in his heart. In concluding, he intimated that he could get through a dish of pork and beans as comfortably as any one present, and as for a pumpkin pie he would back himself against the best man the *Trenton* could show. (Laughter and applause).

"A word about the mission itself. There is little doubt that it is doing a vast amount of good work in a quiet and unobtrusive way. Its reading room, well stocked with useful and entertaining works, is a source of great attraction to sea-faring people, who can pass many pleasant hours there when on shore. Chess, draughts, dominoes, bagatelle and other harmless amusements are to be had there. The msssion is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, which we understand are not by any means too numerous. For the purely good and social objects that it has in view, it should not want for money, and certainly charity could not be bestowed in a worthier channel. Books, periodicals and newspapers that many people cast aside after reading, would be gladly received at the mission, as, besides being useful in the reading room, we understand parcels are made up and sent on board homeward bound ships for the amusement of the crews, and parcels are also sent to the different hospitals.

"Entertainments such as the one given last evening are a boon to 'Poor Jack,' and the larger the contributions, the more often can the mission afford to delight those for whose benefit it was founded."

At Ports in the United States.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.

Capt. S. S. NICKERSON, chaplain, reported, April 7th, that "during the month of March more than 5,000 pages of good literature were given to seamen. Fourteen hundred and fifty-eight attended the meetings, 410 of this number were seamen. Thirty-eight requested prayer,—27 of this number were seamen. Thirty-one seamen signed the temperance pledge; 4 seamen give good evidence of conversion. Forty letters have been sent to friends from our chapel. At the Chelsea Marine Hospital there is good interest and several have given promise of a new life in Christ."

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

From the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street, Mr. C. A. BORELLA, missionary, reported, March 31st:—

"My labors for the three months past, have been continued as usual. In my visitations to boarding-houses, vessels in port and seamen's families throughout the city, I have always been kindly received, and often been cheered by seeing some who before my visit, seldom or never entered the house of God, come to church on the Sabbath day, and to the meetings on week day evenings."

Conversions.

"At the Sailors' Home where God the Holy Spirit is felt more and less at all times, and where grace divine has been manifested in no small degree, in years past, in the conviction and conversion of many seamen, some have, in this new year, been brought from darkness to light, and been delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Their testimony to the question what their hope was now based upon for eternal life, was, that they no longer trusted in good works, but wholly and fully upon Christ and his atonement made for sin. Since January 1st, eight have thus professed to have been led to trust, by the blessed Holy Spirit, and one has professed to be reclaimed from a lukewarm and backsliding condition by the same mighty working of the Holy Spirit. Of these nine young seamen, two were English, two Swedish, two

Finns, one a Norwegian, one an Islander, and one a Russian. Some have left us under deep conviction, who we hope will come back in due time with the blessing of salvation, we are still laboring on in the good work earnestly praying for precious souls.

Meetings—Temperance.

"The meetings at the Home though not very largely attended have been of good interest, a goodly number have signed the pledge of total abstinence. Mr. ALEXANDER being an earnest advocate in this great work, which we consider an important step to salvation, is also an earnest worker to lead sinners to Christ that they may be saved.

"With feelings of gratitude I acknowledge the kindness of the American Seamen's Friend Society, together with that of other Christian gentlemen and ladies, through whom I have been instrumental in making sorrowful hearts beat with gratitude, because their temporal wants have been supplied. In this work I have had many opportunities to speak to dying sinners, of the dying Savior. I have also visited the different Seamen's Hospitals occasionally, and with gratitude I report my labor there to have been blessed."

BROOKLYN U. S. NAVY YARD.

Chaplain E. N. CRANE has sent us his third Annual Report, dated April 1st, 1886. He says:—

"I can record a decided advance and cheering evidence of spiritual influences among our naval seamen. Our Sunday and weekday services in Cob Dock Chapel have been regularly sustained and generally attended by a fair proportion of the men aboard the receiving ship and other vessels lying at the Yard, and I rejoice to say there has been more readiness than heretofore, to take part, by giving personal testimony of saving grace, and more instances of hopeful conversion. Bro. T. W. WOODS has continued his valuable aid throughout most of the year, and Y. M. C. A., and other brethren have frequently visited and assisted us.

"Religious services have also been regularly, held at the Marine Barracks, on Sunday morning, and a service of song on Thursday evening with increasing interest and attendance, especially since we have emerged from the former cramped library room into the new and more spacious reading-room which Col. HEYWOOD has had very handsomely fitted up for the men.

"Our temperance work also goes on bravely,—the monthly meetings of the U. S. NAVAL TEMPERANCE UNION always being fully attended and interesting. Able and earnest speakers and appropriate musical attraction, by ladies and gentlemen of Brooklyn and elsewhere have helped on the good work, and our roll has nearly reached the goodly number of 1200 members. The annual meeting, held May 6th, aboard the *Vermont*, and noticed at the time in the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, was a grand success and gave a new impulse to the cause.

"Two admirable entertainments,—musical and elocutionary,—have been given on the receiving ship during the year, much to the delight of the ship's company. Thus has their intellectual, as well as their spiritual, welfare been cared for and promoted.

"The Sailors' Hall library, on Cob Dock, has been considerably increased,—also the number of periodicals upon the reading room tables. This is the great center of attraction for the men when off duty, and they fully appreciate and avail themselves of it. Capt. COOKE has also had the hall comfortably refurnished and rendered more attractive.

"The general distribution of religious and temperance reading-matter during the year has reached over 39,000 pages of tracts, 7,200 papers and magazines, and 230 copies of the Bible and Testament and Psalms,—both tracts and the Scriptures in a dozen different languages. I have to renew my grateful acknowledgments for liberal supplies of papers &c. from the offices of the *N. Y. Observer*, *Evangelist*, and *Weekly Witness*, and *Sabbath Reading*, and the *Parish Visitor*,—also to the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, and the *American Messenger*,—in English and German,—and *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*,—also papers, &c., from Rev. Dr. T. L. CUYLER and other friends of seamen, and packages of her excellent monthly letters (the "*Blue Backs*"),—a special edition of which is "*addressed to the officers, seamen and marines of the U. S. Navy*," and a package sent to every U. S. Vessel with copies of the "Naval Brigade News,"—sent to me by Miss AGNES WESTON of Portsmouth, England. Thus are our seamen amply provided with reading matter for their intellectual, moral and spiritual improvement.

"I have had very interesting correspon-

dence with several seamen in both home and foreign ports in which they express their gratitude for privileges enjoyed here at the Navy Yard, and the spiritual benefit derived from them.

"The Sailors' Coffee House at the York St. entrance to the Navy Yard has been considerably improved by the Board of Directors, and under Superintendent Wm. WEBSTER is doing a good work in rescuing seamen from landsharks, and liquor saloons, and affording them a harbor where they can be safe from temptation if they wish to be, or can repair damages if they have got into trouble, and get decently aboard ship again.

"Thankful for divine favor on my work thus far, may the Lord bless and prosper it more abundantly in the future."

STAPLETON, S. I.

Rev. F. M. KIP, D.D., chaplain, reported, April 1st.:—

"The patients in the Hospital are coming and going. During this quarter at one time they numbered 130. Now, there is little if any more than half that number under medical treatment. Some are discharged healed, after spending two or three days in the Hospital. Others remain under the physician's care for weeks or months. Frequently, after interesting and encouraging interviews with an individual, on going to his ward to have further conversation with him, I find that he has been discharged as restored to health, and able to resume his duties; and I know not whether I shall ever see his face again in this world. Yet having the promise that seed sown for Christ shall not be lost, we can cheerfully labor on, ignorant at present of the results.

Encouraged.

"During this quarter, my encouragement in the prosecution of my work, has been greater than at any previous time; for I have found, in the case of several who have been for a continued period under medical care, that my repeated conversations with them, with the gift of the Testament and religious reading, have, through the blessing of God, not been in vain.

"One afternoon, in the same ward, I found one more convalesent, and about to return to his sea-life, who told me that he was now trusting in Christ, and determined to lead a new and holy life. A second one who, since the commencement of his sickness, has turned to Christ, in faith in his promise of reception; and a third, a consumptive, who told me that he is looking to the Christ whom I have so often preached to him.

"One afternoon I found a Swedish sailor with a number of the *Sunday School Times* before him. Said he "I am reading about Peter whom the Lord Jesus saved when he was sinking in the deep waves of the sea," "and," he continued, "Jesus saved me too; I was wrecked (and I think he said for nine days), floating in a little boat when Christ saved me." I was much interested, and very soon visited his ward to have further conversation with him, but to my disappointment he had left the Hospital.

Sabbath Work.

"Our Sabbath afternoon exercises are regularly continued. The number of attendants is necessarily small. Many of the patients are suffering from rheumatism, or broken or sore limbs, and are unable to descend from the upper wards, to the room on the first floor in which our exercises are held. My auditors are generally very attentive. I find, for myself, these exercises to be very pleasant, and yielding encouraging hope of blessed results. At the close of our services I give each attendant a religious paper. On three or four occasions some Christian ladies have been with us, adding to the interest of our meetings by their sweet singing."

Virginia.

NORFOLK.

"The year," says Rev. J. B. MERRITT, chaplain, April 1st, '86, "as compared with other years, has been successful. There has been a better attendance at the services, with quite a number of conversions, and more than a hundred men have signed the temperance pledge. During the year, 94 shipwrecked and destitute seamen have been relieved. The Sabbath School is doing fairly well." The chaplain submits the following as the statistics of the twelvemonth:—

Total number of vessels visited, 2,403; American vessels visited, 2,296; Foreign vessels visited, 107; Religious services held in Bethel, 109; Religious services held elsewhere, 15; Religious services held on shipboard, 3; Average attendance of seamen, 17½; Average attendance of others, 27½; Religious visits to hospital, 164; Religious visits to ships, 2,403; religious visits to boarding house, 2; Bibles and testaments

distributed, 136; Pages of tracts distributed, 23,350; Seamen's papers distributed, 1,350; Magazines distributed, 813; other papers, 2,620.

North Carolina.

WILMINGTON.

The U. S. Government having established here a first class hospital, now removes to it all chronic cases from Norfolk, Va., and from Charleston, S. C., making a new field of usefulness among seamen for Chaplain KELLY.—A good organ has been procured by private subscription, for the Bethel services, and the public seem more interested than heretofore in the work. President FRENCH, of the local society, is now in the eighty-fifth year of his age.—The 33rd annual meeting of this society has just been held. One hundred and sixty-five seamen and 85 officers were lodged, last year, at the Sailors' Home. Seventeen seamen were furnished with board, lodging and medical attendance.—Chaplain Kelly, who took charge of the work 4th March, '85, reported that for a first thing, the Bethel Church building, which sadly needed repair, had been made comfortable. Services are regularly held, and of late meetings have been well attended. Several sailors have professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The chaplain made 156 visits to the Marine and City Hospitals, 1,300 to vessels and steamers. $938.90 was disbursed.

South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

The Port Society held its sixty-fourth annual meeting, 16th March, when Chaplain CHICHESTER submitted his annual report.

Service was regularly held in the Mariners' church nearly every Sabbath last year, and attendance has been good, especially at night. The weekly meetings at the Sailors' Home increased in numbers and interest. Mr. A. L. YATES has labored as sailors' missionary. The following is a summary of missionary labors during the past year:—

Number of visits paid to vessels and sailor boarding-houses, 2,400; number of Bibles and testaments distributed in the English, Danish, Swedish, German and Spanish languages, 232; number of hymn books, 32; number of religious books, 12; number of papers, 1,897; number of tracts, English, 1,298; number of tracts, foreign, 940; number of tracts, temperance, 142; number of SAILORS' MAGAZINES, 312; number of LIFE BOATS, 756; number of invitations to service, 18,000; number of invitations to temperance meetings, 2,000.

The reading-room has been kept well supplied with magazines and papers.

"At each service held during the past year, both at the church and in the chapel, an exact count of the number of sailors present at each service has been kept, and the aggregate is 3,107. If to these we add the number of townspeople who attend, and who often exceed the sailors, it will be seen that the average attendance has been very good, and we have cause for thankfulness that God has permitted us to sow seeds of divine truths in so many hearts, and to humbly beseech Him to follow with His blessings our efforts to promote the Gospel among seamen."

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

From the *Times-Democrat*, of 31st March, we learn that the fifteenth anniversary of the Seamens' Lower Bethel was largely attended. The annual address was delivered by the Rev. Wm. MCLAUGHLIN, pastor of the Ames M. E. Church. The report was presented by the chaplain, Rev. L. H. PEASE, who has been engaged in this benevolent work for over twenty years, beginning six years prior to the organizing of the Seamen's Friend Society in that city:—

"Another Ebenezer to God's praise. The only survivor of the original members of the society, I am spared to see its fifteenth anniversary. And even now, through twenty-one years' of labor among seamen in this Southern climate, I have never yet lost a day by sickness, and neither here nor at the North, nor in going and returning annually, have I ever yet experienced,—thank goodness,—a casualty, which is an unusual providence. And God has distinguished this twenty-first year by such a manifestation of the presence and power of the Holy Ghost as no other year has witnessed, and as I never expected to see here. Commencing with the 'Week of Prayer,' we found that before we called God had answered. With no better preaching than aforetime, He has heard our poor prayers and given power to the word. Since then we have held religious services on nearly every evening, and have received 126 members into our Church, which we style the

'Brotherhood of the Sea and Land.' It were worth twenty years' of sowing, with tears, to be permitted to bring the sheaves of such a harvest."

Oregon.

ASTORIA.

"I could wish," says Rev. J. McCORMAC, chaplain, dating 31st March, "that my labors were more abundant than they have been during the last quarter, but I have been impeded in my work by what the sailors call *prolapsis*, a disease brought on by constant walking among the docks and net-racks upon our hard board streets, our city being built on piles. If I do not get better soon I shall be obliged to take a few months' vacation. Many of my services for the past three months have been held in forecastles well filled with sailors,—where Jack feels perfectly at home. And if these services have only been as profitable to them as they were delightful to me, they were not labor in vain in the Lord. The fishing season commences to-morrow, and the fishermen are rushing upon us like the tides of the ocean. Who will care for them? May God help us!"

Another letter from Rev. Mr. McCormac is dated April 10th, and says:—

"Under present treatment I am getting better, but as long as I am in the presence of so much work, I must work, which is against me. Yesterday, for instance, I visited the hospital, one ship, and two boarding-houses, and conducted my usual Thursday evening prayer meeting in the Young Men's Rooms. We had 27 persons present at the latter service, about 18 sailors and 9 landsmen, and who could spare themselves under such circumstances? When called on to testify their trust in their Savior, by standing, all rose to their feet except four or five.

"I had two services for sailors last Sabbath, one at 11 a. m., on the *Glenborg*, where 19 (all present) where sailors, and another on board the *Amphitrite* at 4 p. m., with 35 present, about 26 of whom were men of the sea. The morning service I was to have held in the forecastle, but when Captain MCGLASSEN heard of it he countermanded the order, as he had a perfect right to do, and brought us all into his beautiful cabin. Both these services, held on a very beautiful day, were very delightful to me, and, I think, to all engaged in them. The subject of the morning discourse was *The Penitent Thief;*—of the afternoon's, *The Duty of Going Forward*, from the words "*Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward!*"

Loan Library Work.

FROM BOSTON, MASS.

Capt. DAVIS, of the brig *L. F. Munson* of New York, reports to our Boston Secretary of Library No. 6,907, sent out in 1880, by a bequest of Mrs. S. TRUBEE, Fairfield, Conn., as follows:—

"This library has been read carefully by captain and crew. They speak very highly of the books, and wish to thank the Society for the use of them."

Mr. J. E. KNAPP, E. Orange, N. J., sent out Library No. 6,940 in 1880. It has lately been taken, at Boston, from off the brig *Lucy W. Snow*, having made a voyage to Africa. The captain says:—"It has been in use for about two years on board this vessel. I speak very highly of the books."

In 1883, Rev. J. J. DANA, Alford, Mass., sent out Library No. 7,091, as a memorial of his deceased mother. The books have been received at Boston from the bark *Vesuvius* of Richmond, upon which they were placed, with the return:—"The library has been read by the captain, and by all the crew, with care."

Mr. J. W. HAMERSLEY, of New York City, sent out No. 8,013 in 1883. It has now been reshipped at Boston on the ship *Iceberg*. Capt. FLETCHER, the master of the vessel, promises to write from Melbourne, Australia, about its work.

CAREFUL AND GRATEFUL.

From the ship *Wilna*, on which we lately placed Library No. 8,605, sent out by "Tiny Helpers," Primary Department S. S. Cong. Church, Stamford, Conn., comes this letter:—

American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"A case of books for the crew of this ship was sent on board to day. I return to you what books there were in the ship; but have no case to send them back in, so put them in a box, hoping you may have a case for them. Capt. TAYLOR takes out the ship from this port. Many thanks for the books sent. I am sure the men will enjoy them, as there are many good ones."

Annual Meeting.

The fifty-eighth Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY will be held in the chapel of the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St., New York City, Monday, May 10th, 1886, at 3 p. m., when the reports for the year will be submitted, and the usual business transacted.

The Life Directors and Life Members, with the friends of the Society, are invited to be present.

SAMUEL H. HALL,
Secretary.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

N. Y. Marine Temperance Society.

The New York Marine Temperance Society celebrated its fifty-third Anniversary at the Mariners' Church, corner of Madison and Catharine streets, New York City, Tuesday evening, March 2nd, 1886. There was a large attendance of seamen, giving great interest to the meeting. The President, Capt. M. R. FRISBIE, presided, and reviewed the progress and success of the Society for the fifty-three years, he having been a member since its organization, February 21st, 1833, when some forty captains, mates, sailors, and their friends signed the Society's pledge of abstinence from intoxicating drinks; launching it on the sea of what has proved to be a prosperous voyage. At that time it was thought by some friends, even of the sailors, that the hopes of success were not very encouraging, for it was said,—"Sailors, when they come on shore, will drink."

Meetings have been held on Tuesday evenings of each month, with a few exceptions in July and August, at the church during these years; and for a good number of years, weekly, at the Sailors' Mission, corner of Dover and Water streets, and with a cheering and growing interest. Many who signed the pledge, by the aid of divine grace, were enabled to keep it; and by that grace their hearts have been sweetly subdued to a joyful and willing acceptance of the sailors' loving Savior, and their lives rescued from the power of intemperate habits and the curse of drink. The religious element, as from the first, has been held preëminent, the meetings having been strictly Gospel Temperance meetings.

In the year 1885, 1,443 seamen signed the pledge, and since the fifty-second anniversary, March 2nd, 1885, 1,025 have signed; the auxiliary society, "The United States Naval Temperance Union," at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, 354; and at Sailors' Snug Harbor, 4, making the present membership 72,587.

The Rev. E. D. MURPHY, D. D., pastor of the church, and chaplain of the Society for nearly twenty-two years, gave a most moving and touching address relating to the work during the time of his connection with the Society; complimenting the Society on a success that has probably placed it at the head of any temperance society in the world, certainly any seamen's; also urging to increased efforts in the cause to do away with this dreadful evil and curse of the land and of the world.

Eight temperance and Christian seamen followed, many of them with thrilling effect, in relating their experiences of sorrow and suffering when addicted to habits of intemperance, and the blessings and happiness following habits of abstinence. A large number of these men are truly Christian seamen, noble workers, not only in this cause for the salvation of others, but they are also striving to bring their friends, the sons of the sea, to a knowledge of the redeeming power and saving grace of the Gospel. Over 2,200 of these seamen are members of that church, scattered over every ocean and every sea as moral light-houses, we trust, in the world, reflecting the image of their divine Lord, the light of the Gospel of God. God speed the work!

A.

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

MARCH, 1886.

Total arrivals	203
Deposited for safe keeping	$1,170

of which $390 was sent to relatives and friends, $100 was deposited in Savings Bank, and $515 was returned to boarders.

Planets for May, 1886.

MERCURY is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 12m., and north of east 4° 49′; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 1st at 7h. 48m., being 6′ south; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 40° north and 28° south; is at its greatest elongation at 9 o'clock on the forenoon of the 7th, being 26° 26′ west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 10th when it is most favorably situ-

ated for observation, rising on this morning at 3h. 58m., and north of east 8° 13′.

Venus is a morning star rising on the 1st at 2h. 56m., and south of east 3° 27′; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 29th at 8h. 21m., being 1° 18′ north.

Mars on the evening of the 1st is due south at 7h. 59m., being at this time 10° 44′ north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 12th at 7h. 24m., being 2° 6′ north.

Jupiter on the evening of the 1st is due south at 9h. 11m., being at this time 2° 42′ north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 13th at 10h. 50m., being 25′ north; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 12° north and 61° south; is stationary among the stars in Virgo on the evening of the 23rd at 8 o'clock.

Saturn is an evening star setting on the morning of the 1st at 8m. past midnight, and north of west 30° 50′; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 7th at 4h. 55m., being 4° 18′ north.

New York University. R. H. B.

Receipts for March, 1886.

New Hampshire.

Milford, Cong. church	$ 37 20
Christiana Moore, for library	20 00
Nashua, Clarissa Hill	5 00
Rindge, Cong. church	4 75
Sanbornton, Cong. church	14 00

Vermont.

White River Junction, Mrs. C. H. Latham	10 00

Massachusetts.

Acton, additional	75
Andover, South church	50 00
Elizabeth B. Stinson, for library in memory of her husband Capt. James H. Stinson of Woolwich, Me	20 00
Freddy J. Stinson	1 00
Boston, Mt. Vernon ch., of wh. $20 for library	144 10
Brighton, Cong. church	7 55
Chelsea, First church	4 50
Danvers, Maple St. church	29 41
Dunstable, Miss E. A. Fletcher, for library	20 00
East Douglas, Cong. ch., to const. Francis Bird, L. M	32 33
Foxboro, Orthodox Cong. ch	19 52
Georgetown, Memorial church	35 87
Union Meeting	2 86
Hanson, Cong. ch., of wh. S. S. $20 for library	29 37
Hatfield, Cong. ch	41 62
Hinsdale, Cong. church, of wh. S. S. $12.60	48 00
Holyoke, First church	10 28
Hopkinton, Cong. church	25 00
Longmeadow, Ladies' Benev. Ass'n	23 75
Lowell, a Friend of sailors, for lib'y	20 00
Lynnfield, Centre Cong. ch	13 51
Medfield, Cong. church	24 90
Monson, Cong. church	27 00
Newton, Elliot ch., a Friend	2 00
Northampton, 1st Cong. church	131 24
North Chelmsford, Cong. ch., of wh. Mrs. Sarah W. Parker, $20 for lib'y, and Mrs. Julia A. Clark and Mr. John C. Clark, for lib'y, $20	57 18
North Hadley, Cong. ch. and Soc'y	2 63
Rockland, Cong. church	10 00
Rockport, Cong. church	9 62
Southampton, Cong. ch. and Soc'y	16 00
South Boston, Phillips ch., for lib'y	20 00
Springfield, Olivet church	25 50
Memorial church	25 00

Connecticut.

Birmingham, a Friend	10 00
J. Tomlinson	5 00
Black Rock, Cong. church	10 66
East Windsor, Mrs. Sarah L. Wells	5 00
Groton, Cong. S. S., for lib'y	20 00
Glastonbury, 1st Cong. church and friends, to const. Mrs. Ellen M. Gaines and Thomas H. L. Tallcott, L. M's	60 00
Griswold, Cong. church	5 00
Hartford, 1st Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y	22 00
Meriden, Centre Cong. ch	20 00
New London, 2nd Cong. ch	122 10
Ridgefield, Cong. church	4 78
Stamford, "The Tiny Helpers," for a lib'y to be called "The Tiny Helpers' Library."	20 00
Cong. church	12 68
Wapping, L. C. Hyde	1 00
Waterbury, 1st Cong. church	65 84
West Haven, Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y	20 00
West Suffield, Cong. ch. and Soc'y	1 50

New York.

Brooklyn, Clinton Ave. Cong ch., of wh. James W. Elwell, $100, and Julius Davenport for lib'y, $20	313 36
Lafayette Ave. church	195 07
Puritan S. S., for library	20 00
Mrs. E. R Atwater	10 00
New York City, James H. Dunham	100 00
Miss Serena Rhinelander	50 00
Frederick Billings	25 00
Cash	25 00
Naylor & Co	25 00
Stamford M'f'g Co	25 00
Mrs. Elizabeth Auchincloss, for a memorial library	20 00
Church of the Strangers, for lib'y	20 00
"Lyons," for library	20 00
Cash	10 00
D. H	10 00
D. S. Egleston	10 00
Theodore Gilman	10 00
F. A. Palmer	10 00
L. G. Woodhouse	10 00
O. P. C. Billings	5 00
M. C. D. Borden	5 00
Catlin & Co	5 00
S. W. Green	5 00
Mrs S. V. Hoffman	5 00
H. F. Lombard	5 00
H. W. Loud & Co	5 00
H. E. Merriam	5 00
Walter T. Miller	5 00
Zophar Mills	5 00
R. C. Root	5 00
Henry Rowland	5 00
Schr. *Haroldine*, Capt. S. R. Tibbetts, for library work	5 00
D B. Whitlock	5 00
S. M. C	3 00
Southampton, Pres. church	36 07

New Jersey.

Elizabeth, Westminster Pres. ch	25 00
Morristown, South St. Pres. ch	178 49
Newark, 2nd Pres. church	7 35
Plainfield, E. B. Edgar	10 00

Ohio.

Gambier, Ada D. Southworth	15 00
Ravenna, received in settlement of legacy of Alanson Jagger, deceased, late of Ravenna, O	159 00
	$2,839 34

Original reading-matter from Dr. J. B. Burnet, Newark, N. J.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

The Energy That Succeeds.

The energy that wins success, begins to develop very early in life. The characteristics of the boy will commonly prove those of the man, and the best characteristics of young life should be encouraged and educated in the wisest possible manner. The following story strongly illustrates this truth.

Said Judge P——: About thirty years ago I stepped into a book-store in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy over twelve years of age came in and inquired for a geography.

'Plenty of them,' was the salesman's reply.

'How much do they cost?'

'One dollar, my lad.'

'I did not know they were so much,'

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again, and came back.

'I've got sixty-one cents,' said he; 'could you let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?'

How eager his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes, when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a very poor attempt to smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

'And what now?' I asked.

'Try another place, sir.'

'Shall I go too, and see how you succeed?'

'O yes, if you like,' said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

'Will you try again?' I asked.

'Yes, sir, I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one.'

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted, and how much he had.

'You want the book very much?' asked the proprietor.

'Yes, very much.'

'Why do you want it so very much?'

'To study, sir. I can't go to school, and I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go.'

'Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do: I will let you have a new geogra-

phy, and you may pay me the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not quite new for fifty cents.'

'Are the leaves all in it, and just like the other, only not new?'

'Yes, just like the new one.'

'It will do just as well then, and I will have eleven cents left towards buying some other books. I am glad they did not let me have one at the other places.'

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage, then came a terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known no small boat could live in such a sea.

The captain, who had been below with his chart, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I distinctly heard above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

'I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool,' said he, 'if you will be men.'

He did land us safely, but the vessel sank, moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel receiving thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gangplank. As I passed he grasped my hand and said:

'Judge P——, do you recognize me?'

I told him I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard of his vessel.

'Do you remember that boy in Cincinnati?'

'Very well, sir. William Haverly.'

'I am he,' he said. 'God bless you!'

And God bless noble Captain Haverly. —*Young Folks' Weekly.*

The Happy Little Girl.

"The happiest child I ever saw," says an English clergyman, "was a little girl I once met when traveling in a railway carriage. We were both going up to London, and we traveled a good many miles together. She was only eight years old, and was quite blind; had never been able to see at all. She had never once beheld the bright sun, the twinkling stars, the trees, the birds, or any of those pleasant things we see every day of our lives; but still she was quite happy.

"She was all by herself, poor little thing! There was neither father nor mother, relation nor friend, to be with her and take care of her on the journey, and yet she was contented and happy.

"'Tell me,' she said, on getting into the carriage, 'how many people are in this carriage, for I am blind, and can't see any thing.' A gentleman asked her if she was not afraid? 'No,' she said, 'I am not afraid. I have traveled before. I trust in God, and know that He will take care of me.'

"But I soon found out why she was so happy. It was because she loved Jesus. I began to talk with her about the Bible, and I was surprised to find how much she knew about it. She talked to me about sin; how it first came into the world, when Adam and Eve eat the forbidden fruit; but how it was to be seen everywhere now!

"Then she talked about Jesus. She told me of the agony in the garden of Gethsemane; of His sweating great drops of blood; of the soldiers nailing Him to the cross; of the spear piercing His side, and the blood and water coming out. 'O,' she said, 'how very good it was of Him to die for us; and such a cruel death!'

"I asked her what part of the Bible she liked best. She said she liked all the history of Jesus; but the chapters

she most loved to hear were the last two chapters of the book of Revelation. I had a pocket Bible with me, so I took it out, and read those chapters to her as we went along.

"When I had done she began to talk about heaven. 'Only think,' she said, 'how nice it will be to be there! There will be no more sorrow nor tears. And then the Lord Jesus will be there; for it says: The Lamb is the light thereof; and we shall be with Him. There will be no night there. But best of all, there will be no blind people in heaven. I *shall see Jesus* there, and all the beautiful things in heaven; won't that be glorious?'"

Now, think of this poor little blind girl. Think of her taking such pleasure in talking about Jesus. Think of the joy she felt in hearing the account of heaven, where there is no more sorrow or night. If belonging to Jesus could make a poor, blind child like this so happy, then the family made up of those who know and love Him must be a happy family.—*Richard Newton, D. D.*

Faith of a Mexican Child.

Our Mexican minister was telling me this evening about his little boy Rubén (Reuben). Once the father was very poor, so poor that the children had no clothes, and he had no money with which to buy them even the few garments that were necessary; poor little Rubén was very much distressed, and said to his father, "Papacito, what shall I do for clothes?" "My little son," said his papa, "go and ask God to give you a coat, and to give your brother and sister clothes." A little while afterwards the father was told that Rubén was alone in the church, so he went very quietly and looked in, and there he was kneeling, his little hands clasped, and his face upturned, and praying, "Oh, dear God, give me some clothes, and my little sister and brother, too; hear me, and help me, dear God, for Jesus sake;" and the poor little voice choked with tears. That afternoon, to the wonder and grateful joy of that family, a present was sent these three little ones of enough money to buy each one a garment.

This little boy is only about seven years old, and about two years ago he was suffering a great deal with an inflamed face. One night his father, hearing a noise from the children's corner, went quietly over, and there was Rubén kneeling and praying. "Oh, dear God, help me, and make me better of this dreadful pain; take it away and make me well." The tears were rolling over his cheeks, and he was in great trouble, but asking with all faith for help. After he got up and went back to bed his father went to him and gave him some medicine which soothed the pain, and in the morning he said to him, "Papacito, the dear God came to me and cured me last night; I asked Him, and he came." I wish I could give you this in the sweet Spanish words, for it seems to me that the speech of the little children is indescribably sweet in this musical language; but you will see the wonderfully strong faith of this little lad, which was the fact which impressed me most forcibly. Many of the little Mexican children have this beautiful faith and trust in God, and it is something very touching. Remember little Rubén, and pray that he may grow up a good, earnest, faithful Christian.—*Miss Cochrane in Children's Work.*

The Sabbath-School of Puritan Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has just sent out through the American Seamen's Friend Society, Loan Library No. 8,608, which, at their request, has been placed at the U. S. Life Saving Station at Watch Hill, R. I. May it do its brave readers much good! is the hope and prayer of its young donors. There is room for many others to follow this good example.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858–9, to April 1st, 1886, was 8,512; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 9,170; the total shipments aggregating 17,682. The number of volumes in these libraries was 452,768, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 324,683 men. Nine hundred and fifty-eight libraries, with 34,488 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 109,530 men.—One hundred and fourteen libraries were placed in one hundred and fourteen Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 4,104 volumes, accessible to eight hundred and ten Keepers and surfmen.

During March, 1886, forty-nine loan libraries, thirty-four new and fifteen reshipped were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,334, 8,337–8,343, inclusive, with Nos. 8,391–8,399 and Nos. 8,600–8,608, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 8,470–8,476, and 8,478, at Boston.

The fifteen libraries reshipped were :—

No. 6,170;	No. 7,139;	No. 7,368;	No. 7,955;	No. 8,120;
" 6,697;	" 7,178;	" 7,640;	" 7,961;	" 8,187;
" 7,065;	" 7,335;	" 7,781;	" 8,111;	" 8,193.

"Doing Her Best."

"This," said a proud father, addressing a gentleman visitor, and directing his glance toward his ten year old son just entering the room, "is the boy whose pictures you admire so much. The little fellow really has a wonderful talent for drawing."

"And what has this little lady a talent for?" asked the gentleman, turning kindly toward a modest looking little girl, who had entered the room in the rear of her brother, and now stood quietly by her mother's side.

The father hesitated as his eye rested on his less gifted child; but the mother, drawing her fondly toward her, replied, "This little girl has a talent for doing the best that she can."

Dear children, are there any of you who possess this talent for doing the best that you can, not in great things only, but, too, in small ones? Higher praise was never given to man or angel than that which our Savior bestowed upon the woman who anointed His head with ointment,—"She hath done what she could."

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

REUBEN W. ROPES, Esq., *President,*
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary,*
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District Secretary :—

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

THE LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, *upon application*, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, *gratuitously*, should give *annual* notices of their desire for its continuance.

Form of a Bequest.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of $——, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he *at the same time* declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

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MOBILE, Ala	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal	" " " .	Daniel Swannack.
HONOLULU, S. I	Honolulu " " .	
NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored)	do.	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners' House	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St	Seamen's Aid Society	Mrs. Wingate and Son.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.	Mr. & Mrs. H.G. O. Nye.
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PORTLAND, ME., Fort St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y.	" F. Southworth.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St.	Prov. Sea. Friend Society	" J. W. Thomas.
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PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts.	Presbyterian	" H. F. Lee.
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Front Street, above Navy Yard	Baptist	"
	Methodist	" H. A. Cleveland.
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.		" E. N. Harris.
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" "	Chaplain Sailors' Home	" E. A. Ludwick.

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80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

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OBJECTS AND METHODS OF THE SOCIETY.

1.—To improve the condition of seamen in every possible respect, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS.

2.—To sanctify commerce, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

1.—The preaching of the Gospel by missionaries and chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, the HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, CHILI, S. A., the MADEIRA ISLES, GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, and upon the LABRADOR COAST, N. A.,—and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to boatmen upon our inland waters, chaplains visit the sick and dying, and endeavor to supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and missionaries for distribution among seamen and others.—The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT, for the use of Sabbath-Schools.

3.—The provision of LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated, as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, up to April 1st, 1886, was 8,512. Calculating 9,170 reshipments, their 452,768 volumes have been accessible to more than 324,683 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-Schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. Thousands of American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVINGS' BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c. The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, reconstructed, refurnished, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any SAILORS' HOME in the world. It has accommodated 106,000 boarders, and has saved to seamen and their relatives, more than $1,500,000. Its moral and religious influence cannot be fully estimated, but very many seamen, have there been led to Christ. Shipwrecked sailors are provided for at the HOME. A missionary of the Society is in attendance, and religious and Temperancemeetings are held daily.